

*The Historie of*

for Powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; And for their barennes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

*Pri.* No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: But sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the King in camp'd?

*West.* He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Dow.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

*Ver.* So doe wee.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good Coosen be aduise, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Doe not, my Lord.

*Dow.* You do not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Doe me no slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected Honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell, which of vs feares.

*Dow.* Yea or to night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my coosen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

*Henry the f*

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse can

And now their pride and mettall

Their courage with hard labour

That not a Horse is halfe the halfe

*Hot.* So are the Horses of the B

In generall iourney bated and br

The better part of ours are full of

*Wor.* The number of the King

For Gods sake, Coosen, stay till a

*The Trumpet soundes a Parley.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious o

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and

*Hot.* Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*

You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and eue

Enuie your great deseruings and

Because you are not of our qualifi

But stand against vs like an Enem

*Blunt.* And God defend, but I

So long as out of limit and true ru

You stand against anoynted Mai

But to my charge. The King hat

The nature of your griefes, and v

You coniure from the breast of ci

Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his

Audacious crueltie. If that the K

Haue any way your good deserte

Which he confesseth to be manifo

He bids you name your griefes, an

You shall haue your desires with i

And Pardon absolute for your sel

Herein misled by your suggestion

*Hot.* The King is kind: and w

Knowes at what time to promise,

My Father, my Vncle, and my sel

Did giue him that same Royaltie

And when he was not fixe and tw

Sicke in the worldes regard, wrete